

CLASS OF

TAUNTON
HIGH SCHOOL
RECORD

1999

In the Manila Bugle appears the following "ad":—

WANTED—Sheet metal worker, one who can make gun barrels out of old tomato cans. Address E. AGUINALDO, Columpit, Luzon.

If you are going to farming when you get through school, try to raise better potatoes and more of them off the same piece of land than the other fellow did.

If you finish gun barrels, make every effort to have yours better finished than the ones turned out at the next bench.

If you are making parts of stoves, don't strive to get out that which will just go by the "dead house," but put your best effort into every detail of the making, so that your part will be the best one in the whole stove.

Whatever you do, put your whole energy into it while you work upon it, so that you can exhibit it with the certainty that it could not have been done better by anyone else.

While the most faultless and finished contrivance, of whatever nature, will come short of the object for which it was created, if its operation falls into incompetent hands, the article which is made up in the best way, of the best materials, and by the most careful and intelligent workmen, and is near perfection in every way, as, for instance, the **Winthrop Heaters** for house heating, will in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred stand as a monument to your ability and thoroughness.

If you have been able to go through high school without working to pay for your clothes and board, it's a case of luck, or your father's pocket book opened, but don't continue to depend upon either.

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WHEN IN NEED OF
Dry Goods, Millinery, Small Wares,
DO NOT FORGET THAT
CROWLEY'S
IS THE PLACE TO GO.
93 and 97 MAIN ST., TAUNTON.

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H. L. Davis & Co.

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*"The apparel oft proclaims the man,"
The immortal poet, Shakespeare, said.
And well-dressed fools in safety go
Where ill-clad saints would fear to tread.
The man who buys his clothing here
Gets the very best that can be made,
As good as if he bought elsewhere,
And double the money he had paid.*



**C. P.
O'BOYLE
& CO.**

SODA!
At our Fountain you will find 30
different syrups made from fruit
juices and served with CREAM.
Our New Drink, **GRAPE LEMONADE. TRY IT.**
A. SMITH & CO.,
DRUGGISTS, 5 BROADWAY.

99 REASONS...
WHY IT PAYS TO
BUY OUR... **SODA.**
1st—IT'S THE BEST.
2d—IT SATISFIES.
3d—IT'S UP TO DATE.
The other 96 reasons will be found after once trying it.
RIPLEY & BRIGGS,
THE DRUG MEN,
19 City Square, Taunton. 62 Middleboro Ave., E. Taunton.

Life Size Photographs.....
TAKEN DIRECT FROM LIFE.
Something never before accomplished of small
children. These were made with our new patent
Flash Light Apparatus. We challenge any pho-
tographer in the state to equal these here shown
by the original method.
HUNTER BROS.,
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LADIES:—
If you want a cup of good
TEA, try a can of
"OLD FIRESIDE."
Half-pound can, 30c. Pound can, 60c.
TURNER & IRVINE,
GROCERS,
118 Bay St., - - - - Whittenton.

IF YOU WANT THE
CORRECT AND UP-TO-DATE STYLES

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Shirt Waist Sets, ❁

❁ Belts and Buckles

—GO TO—

TISDALE & SON.

GREAT VARIETY TO SELECT FROM.

Prices 25c. to \$3.00

All Popular kinds of Life Insurance.

**THE METROPOLITAN LIFE
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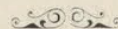
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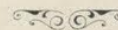
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TAUNTON,

MASS.

STAPLES COAL CO.,

SHIPPERS OF

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal,

NO. 50 CITY SQUARE, TAUNTON, MASS.

MUNRO & McGLYNN,

Practical Plumbers, Sheet Metal Workers,

113 BAY ST., WHITTENTON.

Telephone 117-2.

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*JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
DIAMONDS, SILVERWARE.*

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*Formerly Watchmaker with George H. Richards
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No. 52 Main St., Taunton, Mass.

WE HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

MOULDINGS FOR FRAMING PICTURES.

A Large
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Artists' Materials

In Oil and
Water Colors.

Window Shades and Paper Hangings
at Low Prices

Come and see the goods at

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IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF A VACATION SUIT

YOU SHOULD NOT FAIL TO VISIT THE

STANDARD CLOTHING COMPANY,

Where you will find the Largest and Newest Line of Blue Serge Suits,
Scotch Mixtures and Fancy Worsteds shown in Taunton.

A \$10 Suit for \$7.45. A \$20 Suit for \$14.85.

White Duck Pants and Neglige Shirts, 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.

STANDARD CLOTHING CO., ✻ 52 and 54 City Square, Taunton.

BUY YOUR

SHOES

... FROM ...

D. H. MASON & SON,
UNION BLOCK.

JUST OUT.

THE PYGMALION CIGAR.

A Long, Clean Smoke for 5c.

—AT—

G. M. JONES',
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TAKING TEA.

We lead with Tea. Everyone who appreciates first-class Tea will
be interested in our stock. We not only have the
choicest lines of fancy teas on the market
but real desirable staple articles, just
what the people want.

Centennial Tea Co.,

12 Main St.

DIRECT DEALING WITH THE PRODUCER



enables us to supply Vegetables in a condition of succulent tenderness. We receive them fresh from the gardens and farms on the day they are placed on sale. It is not old or dried-up stock that has been revived by copious applications of water. Their crisp, fresh appearance is inviting, and the cooking enhances their attractiveness.

Small prices on all our Meats prevent a stagnation of stock.

A. WHITE & CO.,

Corner School and Main.

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**Stoves, Ranges
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SANITARY PLUMBING A SPECIALTY.

64 Weir St. Telephone 131-4.

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Fish and Oyster Dealer.

Lobsters Boiled Fresh Every Day.

Coffee Drinkers:

It you wish to get the very best COFFEE in Taunton for the money you invest call and see us.

M. A. HIGGINS & Co., 109 Bay St.

LEMAIRE BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

Salt, Hay, Grain and Mill Feed

BAY ST., - - WHITTENTON.

CRUSH A NEWSPAPER

and use a few lumps of Pennsylvania Charcoal, and you will be able to cook a good meal at very little expense. Just the thing for hot weather cooking. Sold by

Gifford Oil & Fuel Co.

OFFICE 62 HIGH ST.

Two teams about the city every day delivering charcoal, kerosene and gasoline. Order of them or by postal.

McKOUNE BROS..

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVERS

IN OR OUT OF TOWN.

ALL HOUSEHOLD GOODS HANDLED IN THE MOST CAREFUL MANNER

By honest, sober and experienced men.

All orders promptly attended to.

New wagons, built for the business.

A specialty made of packing Furniture and Crockery for shipment.

Prices Low and Satisfaction Guaranteed

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**House Painting and Graining, Kalsomining,
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Dealer in Wall Papers and Painters' Supplies.

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SCHOOL DAY SCENES AND FACES

are soon forgotten unless you keep a record of them, and how easily this can be done with a camera. Photographic methods have been so simplified that anyone who can read print will have no trouble in taking good pictures. In vacation time nothing will give more pleasure to yourself and friends than the possession of a camera. We carry a complete line of Eastman Kodaks, and also furnish any camera made. Our supplies are always fresh, and prices as low as reliable goods can be sold for.

PIERCE HARDWARE CO.,
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ROOM 11, - - - - CITY HOTEL.

DR. MEHEGAN,
CORNER BROADWAY AND LEONARD ST.
Hours—2 to 4, 7 to 9 P. M.

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MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
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Repairing in all its branches neatly and promptly done.

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Boston Dry Goods Store.

Exclusive Agents for the American Lady Corset, the celebrated P & P Kid Glove, the Peerless and Baker Underwear, the Bostonia Wrappers and House Gowns, the Gold Value Shirt Waist and the Kalamazoo Skirt.

Special Sales Every Week.

When in need of anything in our line we should be pleased to show you our assortment and give you our prices for comparison.

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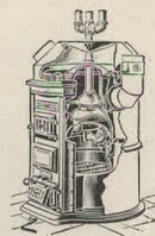
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DECORATOR AND AWNING MAKER.
Tents, Bunting, etc., to Let.
Office at G. A. Wood's, Broadway.

Going To Build ?

Then you are interested in the **Glenwood Heaters** which are so largely used in modern homes, either Hot Water, Steam, Warm Air or Combination Heaters.



GLENWOOD



Ask to see the **Glenwood Home Grand range**, with illuminated asbestos oven, and other improvements, that will make a saving of at least 25 per cent of fuel. Glenwood dealers have them on exhibition, or write for catalogue.

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The American Perfumer.

We carry a line of these exquisite and delightful perfumes because we believe they are the leading perfumes of America.

Crabapple Blossom, Wood Violet, Moss Rose, Lavender, Jockey Club, Lily of the Valley, Sweet Violets, Wild Olive, } 35c. oz.

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Pean de Espange, 50c. oz.

COBB, BATES & YERXA.

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JANSON MARKET CO.,

Jones' Block, 11 Broadway.

We are the first true Cash Market established in Taunton. We carry the largest assortment of goods. We carry the best grades of meats. We quote the lowest prices. We don't ask you to buy a whole critter in order to get a bargain. We deliver goods to Whittenton and Weir and solicit orders to those who wish. Give us a call. Our prices are the lowest.

Janson Market Co.

11 BROADWAY.

High School Record.

TAUNTON, MASS. JUNE, 1899.

STAFF:

T. PARKER HALL, Editor.

CHARLES J. CARY, Manager.

An old story as heartily uttered as ever:

The management embraces this chance to thank its many advertisers and contributors.

FROM THE PRESS OF C. A. HACK & SON, TAUNTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL.

IN a few days the old school doors will again open and through them will pass the class of '99. There is something entirely peculiar, and at the same time very unpleasant, about a final graduation,—this leaving the old school in which we have spent so much of our time. There is a feeling which one fails to realize, fails to appreciate, fails to experience, until it is actually upon him.

The acquaintances which we have formed, fostered and matured through four years of continual companionship, are about to be broken; the faces which have become so familiar will soon disappear, and we ourselves shall be wafted about in the great currents of humanity; some to be stranded upon the shores of fortune, others to be forever drifting from place to place on the great seas of uncertainty, while, perhaps, some will early sink beneath its waves.

As the time of leaving approaches, with a single instinct we all look forward. We, who have never given a grave thought to the morrow, find ourselves dreamily traversing the future of careers.

We wonder! Wonder what we shall do to obtain a livelihood now that we begin to realize that we shall not always be provided for, but that even in the near future we must turn about and provide for others. It is, indeed, a noble and inspiring thought. We boys of yes-

terday are men today; the world looks to us as men and expects men's work from us. The whole world's aspect changes and we are brought face to face with the stern reality.

It is an old story. We stand today in the same position that our predecessors, the class of '98, found themselves in but one short year ago, and they in turn were confronted by the same momentous questions that formed a formidable barrier to the class of '97. So has it ever been. What we are we cannot change, but what we may become lies wholly within ourselves. In these great, free and enlightened states everyone has an equal chance; opportunities are everywhere.

America is another name for opportunities. The great things of the world have not been done by men of large means. Ericsson began the construction of screw propellers in a bath-room; the idea of the cotton-gin was born in a log cabin; parts of the first steamboat ever run in America were set up in the vestry of an old church in Philadelphia. Men who are always waiting for a chance, waiting for an opportunity, seldom find any. It is the man who begins where he is, seizes every opening, no matter how small, and turns everything to account, that reaps success.

What a deplorable sight it is to see a young man standing on a street corner "killing time" as he inclines to term it. Killing time! How directly contrary to the real order of things. No! He is not killing time; time is killing him. Time kills everything; nothing kills time. Time is eternity! Eternity is time!

After thorough investigation the writer finds that in the graduating class of '99 there are less than six boys who seem to have any idea of what they are going to do after leaving here. It seems to me a most lamentable fact that this is true, because it is a vital question

in a young man's life, and may be the making or ruining of him.

Artemus Ward said that every man has a forte. "It's some men's fort to do one thing, and some other men's fort to do another, while there is numeris shiftless critters goin' round loose whose fort is to do nothing. Twice, I endeavored to do things which they wasn't my fort. The first time was when I undertook to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent and krawld threw. Sez I, 'my jentle sir, go out, or I shall fall onto you pretty hevvy.' Sez he, 'Wade in, Old Wax Figgers.' Whereupon, I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed and knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attact and flung me into a mul puddle. As I aroze and rung out my drenchet garminits, I concluded fitin wasn't my fort."

It is unnecessary to relate Artemus's second experience. The first one proves his point conclusively, and was used merely as a warning to the boys of '99. *Follow your natural bent.* It is next to impossible to succeed against nature, and the "jack of all trades and master of none," is seldom a success in any sense of the word. True, it is convenient to be able to turn your hand in any particular direction that fancy dic-

tates, and any form of knowledge is not to be scoffed at, but it is infinitely better to have some practicable vocation in which you can excel. The following advertisement, which appeared day after day in a western newspaper, brought no reply:

"Wanted.—Situation by a practical printer who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house; would accept a professorship in any of the academies; has no objection to teaching ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences; has some experience as a lay preacher; would have no objection to forming a small class of young ladies and gentlemen to instruct them in the higher branches; to a dentist or chiropodist he would be invaluable, or he would cheerfully accept a position as bass or tenor singer in a choir."

However, when this addition appeared he secured a situation at once, and was heard from no more. The addition: "Will accept an offer to saw and split wood at less than the usual rates."

Make a business of some particular thing; learn it through and through; stick to it and success is certain.

T. PARKER HALL, '99.

LOCALS.

A WEARY JOURNEY.

Quite recently one of the higher officers of the Cadets borrowed his father's horse and carriage, and, inviting a fellow-cadet for company, set out for New Bedford to attend the annual prize drill in that city. They started bright and early (ten o'clock), intending to reach the Whaling City a little after noon. But, alas and alack! the unfortunate inmates of said vehicle were not accurately acquainted with the pedigree of the animal upon which they were depending for means of locomotion.

At last, discouraged and exhausted at their slow progress, and fearful lest he should miss

the drill, the invited passenger alighted and traversed the remaining distance afoot, barely reaching the drill before eight in the evening. The wisdom of his judgment on the subject of travelling bodies was amply demonstrated when the driver appeared, half an hour later, dragging his weary beast along the dusty road.

Mr. Miner was recently heard to remark that he would prefer taking stock in a company organized to extract iron from the water which comes from the laboratory pipes than in the company which was recently formed for the purpose of extracting gold from sea water.

Practical Education.

ALL the care and labor which a gardener bestows upon his plants, from the time when he deposits the seed in the ground until he sees, at harvest time, the result of his toil and attention, we call cultivation. This culture consists in furnishing to the plants the best possible conditions for its natural growth and subsequent maturity. The ground must be prepared carefully, the growing plants must be stimulated and protected from the numerous perils that beset them, superfluous growths must be checked, and wrong tendencies must be corrected. The education of a child is analogous to the culture of a plant. It has the same stages of growth and development, and aims at the same result,—the production of a harvest. In the case of the child, as in that of the plant, we must be prepared for a considerable variety in the result, always remembering that the quality of the soil and the vigor of the seed are important factors in determining the harvest, and that any defect in these respects can not be altogether remedied by any amount of cultivation.

A story is told of a college student who, after spending most of his time in worldly pleasures, barely secured his degree. He appeared on the college grounds after the commencement exercises were over with whoops of joy, waving his parchment above his head and shouting, "Educated, by Jove! Educated!" Although this was probably considered by the student as an ironical joke, I believe that it expressed a feeling by no means uncommon. There is often serious truth beneath the mask of the comedian. The notion that culture is something that exists in books, and may be acquired by a certain amount of study, is an old and a popular one, but it is giving way to a wider view of what constitutes education, and one which is disposed to give due credit to certain factors which in years past have been neglected or wholly ignored.

The only part of a scholar's education which is of practical benefit to him in after life, is that which he assimilates and makes a part of his nature. A school is a community and life in school is much the same as life in any other community. It is made up, as the world is made up, of the good, the bad, and the indifferent. Hence, anything which is absorbed by the scholar in his passage through the school, calculated to be of use to himself or to others in his passage through the world, constitutes an essential part of his culture. Such a point may be something learned from books or experiments, or something forced upon his attention by the noble or base qualities of his companions. It may be of more value to him than several chapters of a book to learn from experience that virtue is its own reward, or that the way of the transgressor is hard. It may be the beginning of his career as a sanitary engineer to learn that the uncleanness which breeds pestilence in densely inhabited cities is but an extension of the carelessness that allows litter and fragments of luncheon to be strewn about at school. The scholar who sees that the idle are also the mischievous will find that in the community the same class recruits the ranks of the criminals, while the systematically industrious are the mainstay of the community as they are of the school. The habits of observation and analysis, developed by some study, may save the future judge from a one-sided view of an important case long after the facts which he learned at school from the pursuit of that study may have faded from his memory. A scholar who goes through a course of drawing may owe to that course a sense of refinement, and a perception of and a love for the beautiful, although his drawing may end with his school days.

A consideration of facts like these may console certain people who fear that some studies are not practical. All studies which enable scholars to make better use of the faculties with



JOHN P. SWINERTON, Principal.

which they have been endowed are practical. Leaders, whether in trades or professions, are intelligent, reliable and able to do their own thinking; and if education does not lead men

and women towards these points, it must be regarded as a failure.

JOHN P. SWINERTON.

Class History.

WHILE there now seems to be but little material in the class of '99 out of which to make a history of more than ordinary interest, let us hope that we have laid a firm foundation for future greatness. We have been together four years and in that time many changes have taken place, but it is pleasant to remember that, despite those changes, not a single death has occurred to darken the page of our school life.

It is nearly four years since that never-to-be-forgotten day when, quietly, and greatly in awe at our surroundings, we took our seats for the first time in Mr. Miller's room. We were green then, more so, perhaps, than we realize even now, but not for one moment did the upper classes allow us to forget that fact. On that day we numbered one hundred and seven members, of whom the majority took up the regular High School course, only about twenty following the higher courses of study. Of that number six have dropped out for various reasons, and the class of '99 will be represented in the higher institutions of learning by only fourteen of its members. We can hardly hope to give to the world a Demosthenes or a Socrates, for the language of those worthies is confined to one small "Paige" in our class history.

Various were the classes represented that first day. There were those who came to study, those who came on mischief bent, and those who came for the sake of nothing at all—being there because their parents sent them. Of the last named class I am glad to say there are but few left, and the fun-loving and mischief-making have fulfilled their mission in developing the patience of long-suffering teachers.

During our first year the work became more

difficult, and one by one the pupils dropped by the wayside until at the end of the school year about twenty-five had left our ranks and we entered the second year with eighty-five members, of whom four were special students. We graduate with sixty-four, almost sixty per cent. of the original one hundred and seven, only three having left this year, two of them seeking other schools.

The second year our high school life really began, for by this time we had gotten acquainted not only with each other but with our teachers, and incidentally with ourselves. We began our class organization by electing our officers,—Charles Church as president, Agnes Ellam as secretary, and Julia Lawry as treasurer. Their duties have scarcely been irksome as very few class meetings have been held, and those which were called were often poorly attended, many preferring the "cakewalk" to the business of school life.

Miss Ellam left us last year and we were without a secretary until Miss Reed was elected to that office a few months ago. Our first work after electing our officers was the choosing of a class color and a pin. The former was chosen without a murmur in spite of the significance attached to that color, for like Robin Hood's men of old we are "wearing of the green." The choice and design of our class pin was left almost entirely with our president, and, unlike the preceding class, we are satisfied with the result.

This was about all our work as a class during that year, and we began the next with the loss of only ten members. That was the year of science when Mr. Miner guided many of us

so kindly through the mazes of chemistry, and taught us the manufacture of many fearful and wonderful compounds.

During all this period of study the social life of the class, although not so prominent as that of some classes, was not neglected, and the cadet socials will be among the pleasantest recollections of our high school days. But even if we have not shone so brightly in society, there has been at least one high school function at which our class distinguished itself. This was the old fashioned spelling match held in Odd Fellows' Hall two years ago, in which the first prize was won by Miss Standish, destined to become our valedictorian; and it is encouraging to know that there is at least one member of the class sufficiently familiar with the orthography of the English language to be able to receive that honor.

But we are not without those whose work has been a credit not only to themselves but to the class of which they are members, for the average rank of the first eight compares very favorably with that of preceding classes. The lowest of them all is 91½, and above that are three ties showing the amount of rivalry for the first places. However, Taunton scholars may well look to their laurels for, although the highest honor is shared by one of their own members, yet the palm has once more been awarded to a Dighton girl. There is another fact which must not be overlooked, and we are glad to congratulate the Weir Grammar School and its Principal on sending us for three successive years those to whom the Taunton High School has been proud to give the place of highest honor.

Of course all of us could not expect to be among the honored eight, but there is more than one way of winning distinction, and who dares deny that a future Sousa or Paderwsky, or even Patti, may be hidden in our midst, for the musical talent in our class is of no mean rank. We are not without our share of artists, too, and at least one of our boys has already begun a successful career, and has left glowing

evidences of his genius on various rocks and barns of our quiet country roads. Then there are the boys with the literary fever who could not find enough to study in their school books and so saved all their spare money toward building up a joint library, but alas for their hopes,—

"For the best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft a'glee,"

and like many another deep laid plot this was discovered with disastrous results both to the library and its trustee. We have our humorists, too, in a humble way, and may they find the life upon which they will soon enter as much of a joke as their four years of high school life have been.

But a few weeks remain now before the class of '99 will meet together for the last time to receive its "recommendation" to the world, and to bid goodbye to the old High School with bright hopes that it may soon be a new one. For while we have missed so much on account of the crowded state of the building, we hope that the classes of the new century just about to begin will enjoy enough to more than compensate for our lack, and will thoroughly appreciate their good fortune.

No more will the members of the psychology class be afflicted with troubled dreams, or the unfortunate members of the geometry class seek vain excuses for failure. For a few weeks at least there will be freedom. Yet, in spite of these things, I think none of us would like to blot out the memories of the past four years, not even the remembrance of the numerous checks. For however much we may have rebelled at the time, we can but feel that they were for the most part richly deserved. We are about to set forth into the world where they tell us checks are unheard of, but let us resolve that not one of the class which rounds out the nineteenth century will ever give just cause for a check being placed against his character.

We have formed many pleasant friendships during these four years of school life, and let it

be our constant duty to keep those ties firm. We have also had the companionship of the younger classes, and as they advance year by year and themselves leave the school at last

may they, and not only they but our teachers as well, keep a pleasant and lasting memory of the class of '99.

ALICE S. DEAN, '99.

The Cadets.

MILITARY drill in the public schools is no longer in its infancy. It is now a prescribed study in nearly all the leading high schools throughout the country. In the Taunton High School it is elective,—take it or not

rough and covered with many obstacles, met and organized the Taunton High School Cadets.

Let us turn the wheel of time backward and picture in our imagination that first corps of cadets. We see them struggling under the



CAPTAIN CHARLES J. CARY.

as you choose. In the past the majority of the boys have signed the constitution and thus became a part of that great company who, a little more than twelve years ago, when the way was

many difficulties that the early pioneers in any new movement are confronted by, and urged on to surmount all obstacles by their great faith in the boys of the future to carry on the work

which they labored so hard to begin; and I feel that each and every member of the class of '86 would say today that their highest ideals have been fully realized.

The first meeting for the election of officers for the company was held in April, 1886, and William Maynadier was unanimously elected captain. Thus the company was fairly launched on its career. It was prosperous from the start and each year added laurels to its crown of success. It was in its infancy when it won the championship of Bristol County from New Bedford. Time after time have the cadets of the surrounding cities tried to wrest from them the honor so prized and desired; time after time have the representatives from these schools been defeated, and the Taunton High School Cadets still hold the honor of the championship of Bristol County. And why is this? Are the boys of Taunton so much brighter than the boys of the surrounding cities? If it did not sound too vain and conceited, we might like to say "Yes," but to be more modest we will solve it this way: In the Taunton High School, as I have said before, there is no compulsory drill; every boy who joins the company joins it of his own free will. The company govern themselves, elect their own officers, and run their own drills, camp affairs, etc. For this privilege we thank our kind-hearted principal and the members of our school committee. Their non-interference shows that they trust us,—that they have confidence in us to do the right thing at the right time. That very trust makes each member of the cadets feel a personal responsibility for the honor and welfare of the whole company.

All are bound together by one common purpose—to have the best drilled, best equipped company in southeastern Massachusetts. Thus, to my mind, the first step in the success of the Taunton High School Cadets is independence and self-reliance.

The company has been most fortunate in securing competent instructors. Col. Hodges was the first instructor and remained with the

company during its early years. He was a man well versed in military tactics and did much toward advancing the success of the company. After his retirement Captain Norris O. Danforth, Battery F, First Regiment, M. V. M., assumed control of the boys, and under his direction great progress has been made.

At the opening of the Spanish-American War, Captain Danforth was called to a higher duty and left Taunton with Battery F to share the perils of war, in order to preserve the honor of his country. The cadets suffered much in the absence of their military instructor, but throughout their whole career the Taunton High School Cadets have borne themselves as men. They have worked hard, and their supremacy on the drill floor is unquestioned and their honor unimpeached.

They are an organization that any school would be proud to be represented by. In raising the standard to this high point the class of '99 has been no back number. At the beginning of the senior year there were only six of this class in the cadets, but every one of the six were officers. This year has been a most successful one, and the captain was well seconded in his efforts for the welfare of the company by the officers from this class.

This year the company has held two "prize drills" and a "junior drill," and they have been very successful, both from a financial and social point of view. The company has also held matinee socials every month which, on the whole, have been very successful. The class of '99 has worked hard during the past four years for the success of the cadets, and let us trust that we have left an example to those who are still left in the ranks that will be a stimulus for them to ever uphold the high standard of the Taunton High School Cadets.

C. J. CARY, Capt. '98-'99.

A second class boy Hath-a-way of writing "graphite" formulas with calcium. How is this for a wonder?

Track Athletics at Harvard.

IT seems to me that to treat this subject so that it may be interesting to a Taunton High School scholar I had better try and give him some idea of what a fellow has to go through before he can make a Harvard track team.

It is not merely being the best athlete in your "prep" school that will give you a place. You must go into training and show by your work that you are the best man out for the place. You cannot come here and think that your past reputation is going to give you a place on the team. On the contrary, the man who has a reputation before he gets to Harvard is expected to be able to better it before he is assured of his place. His work must be constantly improving. If he can do $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds for a hundred yards at the fall of the year, he is expected to get himself into shape to do $10\frac{3}{4}$ or better by the time of the fall games, if it is in him.

Let us now look at the kind of work that he has to do to get himself into this condition. Take, for instance, the 440 yard run—quarter mile. As this is my own distance, I can perhaps treat it better than any other.

For the first week the work is all easy—*i. e.*, easy jogging and a little sprint work, but very little—even better, no sprinting at all the first week. By the end of this time the man's muscles are supposed to be in fairly good shape, so that after a run he will not feel "tied up," as the expression goes. Then begins the real work, its severity governed only by the length of time before the meet. Little by little the endurance is developed by running a trifle over the distance. And while doing this the speed must also be developed, the men sometimes going out to run twice a day if the time is short.

A quarter-miler's work would run something like this: On Monday he would run, say, an easy quarter; Tuesday, a fairly fast 220 and 100 yard dash, taking a short walk between; Wed-

nesday, he goes a 500 to increase his strength; Thursday, runs four 50-yard dashes, the first well within himself and increasing the speed of each, the last being a little under top speed; Friday, he goes another 500 at a fairly good clip, the quarter mile being about one minute; on Saturday, another 220 and 100 yards, running at a good speed all the way, with the rest between. Then, of course, there is no work on Sunday, and every one gets a rest. Monday he comes out fresh, and, as a general thing, is given a trial. By this I mean "running to the watch." He is timed his full distance, or, as the work advances, some part of his distance, in order to see how he is progressing.

Say, for instance, he ran his first quarter on time in 58 seconds. By the time he runs that distance again on time, say in two weeks, he should be able to improve it from 58 seconds to at least 56, and perhaps better. To be sure, some men have trained year after year and have never gotten below 56 or 57 seconds for the distance, but if a man is a quarter-miler—and he will soon find out whether he is or not—he ought to improve slowly until he gets down to 54. Then the seconds and fifths of seconds begin to count. They do not sound very large on paper, but I can assure you they come hard in a race, a fifth of a second often meaning from one to two yards.

These trials of course are not always for the full distance that the man is going to run. For instance, a quarter-miler has to run trials of 300 yards, 220 yards and sometimes 100 yards, while a half-miler usually runs trial 440's and three-eighths of a mile, very seldom going the full distance on time.

This kind of work is kept up right along until the week before the games, and by that time the men have been chosen according to their merits to represent Harvard on the track team. This occurs in the spring only, as there is no team chosen in the fall. The last week's

work is somewhat different from the others from the fact that it is a sort of finishing off time. Say that the games are on Saturday; Monday and Tuesday will be given to a trial and long jog; Wednesday and Thursday the work is made easier, and on Friday there is no work at all so that the men may be fully rested for the races on the following day. This is the usual routine of track work required, but that is not all by any means. Every man is expected to stop smoking, eating sweets and such, to get to bed by 10.30 every night, and up to breakfast by 8 in the morning. There can be no half way about it; everything must be done or else let it all alone and do not try to train at all.

This work that I have tried to explain is dropped at the end of October or the first of November, and then the athletes get a rest until along in December when they are expected to go into winter training consisting of gymnasium work and out-door running on a board track laid purposely for the track men. This winter work is carried on until March when another rest is given until the ground is sufficiently thawed so that out-door work may be commenced again, using the cinder track.

This spring work is really the work that tells. There are two sets of games in the fall and two in the spring. Those in the fall are mainly to get an idea of what the new men are good for, and those in the spring to pick the

Mott Haven and Yale-Harvard dual teams. The men in these games are usually taken to the training table and kept in strict training from the time of the spring games until after the Mott Haven games, which occur the last week in May.

Any man who makes one of these teams is entitled to wear an "H. A. A." on his sweater, and any man who wins a point for the university in either the Mott Haven or dual games is entitled to his "H." It is needless to say that these are the honors sought for by the men.

In conclusion let me say that I hope athletics will take a start in the Taunton High School and grow to be a regular part of every boy's training. Let the fellows once get into the spirit and habit of taking this work, and they will at once be a healthier and better-natured class of fellows, ready to work when the time comes and equally ready to enjoy their leisure, not in a lazy way but in a way that will be beneficial to them. I know of no better way to keep in good health and spirits than by keeping in training for athletic sports of some kind. Exercise is essential to every one, and it matters little whether it be taken at rowing, bicycling or track athletics as long as it tends to keep the body healthy and strong.

PERCY L. FISH,
T. H. S. '97, H. '01, L. S. S.

LOCALS.

Quite recently when the chorus while singing "Anchored" came to Briggs' solo, ("Sudden the lightning flash'd," etc.,) the beauty of the thing was greatly marred by some *base* singer who attempted to follow the rapid flights of Briggs' sonorous voice and failed utterly. If the culprit could be detected, hanging would be too good for him.

"Why don't you go play polo, Allie?"

Wight forward, fours wight!

The editor congratulates the "Philomath" of Framingham. It is very well managed for a monthly affair.

Taken as a whole, the class of '99 has exhibited "great signs" of improvement in declamation, with the exception of a certain member who doesn't know in which side of his body his heart is situated, and he and a last year's graduate have exhibited "great signs" of another variety. "Hall & Sullivan, artistic sign painters."

Necessary Learning in the High School.

It is an excellent and desirable thing to be able to read Greek and Latin, and it may be convenient at times to converse in French and German. The solving of problems in algebra and geometry helps one to acquire habits of clear and logical thinking, but some knowledge of the natural sciences is also essential to a well-

the elements of science, he can answer questions asked by children about the common things which they observe. This is especially necessary for parents and teachers.

After the average pupil graduates from the high school, his languages and mathematics, for the most part, are forgotten, while, if he has thor-



CLARA MAY STANDISH, Valedictorian.

rounded education. Every high-school graduate ought to be able to explain the common phenomena of every-day life, such as the tides, storms, the principles of the barometer and pump, some of the chemical actions involved in cooking, and that a potato is neither a root nor a fruit, but a stem. If one has a knowledge of

oughly studied and understood the elements of science, the occurrences of every-day life will continually bring them to mind.

The study of science also has a psychological value. In experimental work the pupil is taught to observe carefully the many details which are shown. If habits of careful observation

are fostered they will cling to one in after years, and the careful observer will be much more intelligent than the person "who has eyes and sees not." In studying science one learns to look for causes and to draw conclusions from his observations.

Some think that science is not practical, but there is no high school subject more practical than physics. Every minute of our lives we are under the influence of physical laws, and in this study we find explanations of many common phenomena.

Physical geography gives the necessary facts about the planet on which we live. It contains a little of nearly all the sciences,—astronomy, physics, chemistry, zoölogy, botany and geology. For this reason it is a good introductory science to lead the way to the others which come later in the course. It gives pupils some idea of what they would like to study more fully.

Physiology is essential, for it is necessary that all should know how to take care of the houses in which they live.

Some knowledge of chemistry makes one more intelligent. It surely must have been a

person who had never studied this most interesting branch who sent to the druggist's for "grocer superment."

The thoughtful student of astronomy is enabled to see the perfect order of the heavens and to realize the grandeur of the universe.

To many pupils, perhaps more to girls than to boys, botany is a fascinating study. What wonderful devices there are in even the commonest flowers! How many beauties the student of botany sees which had heretofore been hidden to him. The regularity and delicate beauty of many wild flowers are unnoticed by many before studying them. The knowledge gained at school can be of great advantage in after years to one interested in plants. Many new flowers are found and unknown ones are named. What a treasure the devoted lover of flowers finds at the discovery of some flower unknown to him before! Every new flower is a new friend.

The student of science sees how all the parts of the universe blend together in perfect harmony, and how munificent is its Creator.

CLARA MAY STANDISH.

Stamp Club.

DURING last year an effort was made to start an interest in collecting stamps. As a result there was formed the T. H. S. Philatelic Association. It was very small in numbers, there being but ten members in all; but what it lacked in quantity it made up in quality. The majority of the members were from the second class, there being two from '99, six from '00, one from '01, and one from '02. At the first meeting there were elected as officers: Paige, '99, president; Bunker, '00, vice president; Cushman, '99, secretary and treasurer; Whitmarsh, '00, exchange superintendent. Several candidates endured the horrors of the initiation, and the club passed a flourishing year.

At the beginning of this school year the

club met again, a few less in numbers, and elected the following officers: President, Paige, '99; vice president, Bunker, '00; secretary and treasurer, Baker, '00; exchange superintendent, Bassett, '00. The club began the year with every promise of success; but, after a short time, one member left school, and the president, because of his studies, was forced to resign. Cushman, '99, was then elected president. Strenuous efforts were made by the president and secretary-treasurer to hold the club together, but the interest seemed to have decreased, and the club has died a natural death. During the year the club had subscribed to two weeklies and three monthlies.

It seems a pity that the school hasn't a

stamp club, for the collecting of stamps is interesting, instructive and profitable. The stamp collector has been recognized by almost all the governments of the world, and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences has established a section on Philately in its building.

I hope that next year the interest will be renewed and a new club formed, and may it have a longer life than the T. H. S. P. A. of 1898-99.

JAMES A. CUSHMAN, '99.

Foot Ball.

THE foot ball season of 1898 was, everything considered, satisfactory, but by no means a success. During the ten weeks but five games were played, although eight were cancelled on account of rain. In this respect fate seemed against us, and it was the rule rather than the exception to have stormy weather on the day when a game was to be played. This, naturally, both lessened the interest and lowered the treasury.

The first game was played with Attleboro on the home grounds and resulted in a victory for Taunton, the score being 18-5. We next "tackled" North Attleboro, and again the score, 21-6, was in our favor. And then came a crushing defeat administered by Brockton, who made 30 points to our nothing. However, a short time afterwards, we turned the tables and succeeded in winning out, but by the small majority of one, score 6-5. The Thanksgiving Day game was the fifth and last of the season. As usual, the Alumni were our opponents, but we had no difficulty in beating them; score, 16-0.

The work of the team was, in some respects, better than last year, but was capable of being improved in a few places. The chief cause of this "weakness" was lack of practice. Not that

the captain was negligent in regard to this, but many of the players seemed to care little for the welfare of the team.

Downer, a new man, played centre and did good, conscientious work. McKenna, at quarter, managed his team well, and on several occasions, made some very brilliant plays. Bunker, at full back, and Sampson, at half, were without a doubt the best players on the team. No rush line could withstand the impetus of Bunker's attack, while Sampson distinguished himself by his quick and snappy runs around the ends. Henchy, who also played half for the first part of the season, was a great help to the team, and his absence was often felt. Wood and Luce, the ends, were good men and played well. Wood also kicked the goals. Stone and Cronan, at tackle, were "recruits," and often made bright plays.

Bunker has been re-elected captain for the ensuing year, and Messenger has been chosen manager. Under this efficient management, let us hope that the team will be even more successful than formerly, and that next year we may hear the "Rackety-cax-coax-coax" shouted with more vigor than ever before.

RUSSELL C. PAIGE, '99.

LOCALS.

It's too bad the managers of the Brockton High School paper couldn't find more interesting reading matter than their nonsensical "favorite expression" stuff, and it's simply abominable that they couldn't tell the truth about a foot ball game. No, no, gentle Brockton readers, the score was 6-5 in our favor.

The editor is indebted to Miss Marion H. White of Boston for a copy of the "Sagamore"?

According to the testimony of a first class scholar, a man of his acquaintance recently died of "ammonia." It must have been a highly concentrated and chemically pure article.

Prize Essay.

I THINK nearly every one knows and understands the causes of the late war with Spain, but those of the Revolution are not so clearly impressed on the mind of the average citizen of the United States. To have a thorough appreciation of a comparison of the causes of these

continual menace from France, it was clearly unwise for the British government to irritate the colonies, and they were thus left much to themselves.

Since 1765 a Board of Trade had managed the colonial affairs, and now that the



E. RUSSELL TOLMAN, Salutatorian.

two great wars, a knowledge of the early struggle of the American colonists is essential.

During the first half of the eighteenth century the relations between the American colonies and the British government were, on the whole, peaceful; and the history of the colonies, except for the struggle with New France, was without any striking incidents. In view of the

help of the colonies was not needed to overpower France, it immediately took this opportunity to lay a direct tax upon the colonists. Parliament passed an act by which all instruments in writing, such as deeds, bonds and notes, as well as pamphlets and newspapers, were to be executed on stamped paper purchased from the agents of the British

government. The Stamp Act produced intense indignation throughout all the colonies. In the legislature of Virginia Patrick Henry distinguished himself by a bold and manly burst of opposition. The British officials found it impossible to carry out the provisions of the Stamp Act, and, through the exertion of William Pitt, it was repealed the year after its enactment.

The news of the repeal caused great rejoicing throughout America, but, at the same time, other laws were passed which claimed the right to tax the colonies. The tidings of these enactments produced a revival of the feelings which had been caused by the Stamp Act, and the Massachusetts Assembly petitioned the King for a redress of their grievances.

The whole matter of dispute might have been adjusted had the King given the colonists representation in Parliament, but he did not dare to grant this right because, if he did so, he would be recognizing the principles of parliamentary power.

The relations between the mother-country and the colonies became more and more strained, and on April 19, 1775, the first shot of the American Revolution was fired, a shot "heard round the world."

But what a different picture is presented to us on the nineteenth of April, 1898! A state of war exists between the United States and the Kingdom of Spain. But this struggle is not being carried on by a few thousands of brave and courageous colonists, but by a great and prosperous nation of seventy millions of inhabitants. The United States stands to-day as the leading and most prominent nation of the world, and all eyes are watching her progress with interest.

The question may be asked why this nation is not content and satisfied with its present position? Why it should throw itself into a disastrous war, and bring all the miseries and horrors of war upon its citizens?

This question can be answered in a very few lines. For more than a score of years the people of the United States have witnessed,

almost within their borders, great oppression and cruelty, caused by Spain's misgovernment of her colonies in the West Indies. Appeals to the Spanish government to change this condition of affairs were of no avail, and even insulting answers were received by the state department at Washington. Public feeling grew more and more intense, and when news of the treacherous destruction of the United States battleship "Maine," in Havana harbor, reached the ears of the people, their patience was exhausted, and war was declared between the two countries.

The American Revolution was waged to relieve ourselves from oppression and tyranny, while the late war was waged to relieve the Cubans from oppression and tyranny; the Revolution was waged for our freedom and liberty, while the late war was waged for the freedom and liberty of the Cubans; the Revolution was waged on account of the misgovernment of ourselves, while the late war was waged on account of the misgovernment of the Cubans.

The world has never seen a contest like it. Nations have fought for gold and territory, but they have not fought for the happiness of others. Nations have resisted the encroachments of barbarism, but they have not fought to uproot barbarism and cast it out of its established place. Nations have fought to preserve the integrity of their own empire, but they have not fought a foreign foe to set others free. Men have gone on crusades to fight for holy tombs and symbols, but armies have not been put in motion to overthrow vicious governments for other peoples.

E. RUSSELL TOLMAN, '99.

A few days since while the first German class were reading Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," the sentence "Bei Bruck fies König Albrecht durch Mörders Hand" was translated "King Albert was killed by a brick, etc." For the benefit of non-German students we give the correct translation below:

"King Albert was killed at (the city of) Bruck by a murderer's hand."

Class Prophecy.

Perhaps some of you've never heard
Of the wonderful machine
In which you see far-distant friends
Without your being seen.

You "press a button—it does the rest,"
Now lovers can't elope,
For the irate father sees them sure
Through this something-or-other-scope.

To this a few days since I turned,
(The thing is free by law),
To see my friends of '99,
And this is what I saw.

Out in a field I saw McCabe
A-tilling of the soil;
I saw Miss Godfrey teaching girls
To fry, and bake, and boil.

I saw Miss Cronan at a ball
In far-off gay "Paree;"
There Tolman led the orchestra,
And there was Miss Bugbee.

Miss Galligan, N., a botanist is,
And collector of wild flowers;
Miss Woodward M., draws diagrams
For memorial shafts and towers.

An after-dinner speaker and
Society man is Church;
As teacher in a country school
Miss Abbott wields the birch.

In war Francis has made his mark,
And he'll a colonel be;
Miss Deane's become an authoress,
And Paige an LL. D.

There Perras is a business man,
An artist Donnelly;
Miss Conaty's married a Russian lord
And lives across the sea.

Here Porter deals in railroad stocks;
Greenlaw's a sailor trim;
Miss Lawry and Miss Rand both sing
Above the footlights' gleam.

Many distinction have attained
Beneath the college roof;
Miss Wales in Latin holds full sway,
And Rhodes in Greek, forsooth.

Miss Walker teaches German in
A college of high grade;
Miss Rose corrects the English themes,
And "roasts" them, I'm afraid.

While Mason has his "shingle" up,
Looking for some clients,
Gould's in a college far away
Teaching Natural Science.

A few live uneventful lives,
But happy, just the same;
Miss Woodward, C., Miss Field, Miss Gregg,
Are married—lost to fame.

Briggs is a president in a bank,
Miss Reed at home presides,
Miss McKenny teaches their children well,
And guards their health, besides.

Another president have we
Besides the one above:
Moxon, of the A. H. E. S.
He does his work for love.

Miss Shaw is in the good work, too,
Miss Haskins helps as well,
Miss Piper lends a hand at times,
And tries the pins to sell.

Miss Macomber edits the Myricks News,
Miss Gibbons reports for the same,
Miss Nichols keeps the books for a
Firm with a well-known business name.

Hall "daubs up Nature" with a brush,
And calls it artists' work;
And Cary in the Orient
Opposes the cowardly Turk.

But history repeats itself,
And here again are three
Within society's ring—Miss Crane,
Miss Dary, Miss Dupee.

Miss Scallon reads in concerts grand
And wins applause sincere;
Miss Burt from a piano-forte
Wafts music on the air.

Miss Dexter's booming "women's rights,"
Miss Crossman, Easter hats;
Miss Williams keeps a home in Lynn
For homeless, hungry cats.

Fitzgerald "bosses" old ward six
 With heelers tried and true;
 Miss Deveney runs a boarding house,
 And Simpson runs a zoo.

Brownell and Massey lead brass bands
 In the "wild and woolly" West;
 Miss Burbank is a photographer,
 They say her work's the best.

Miss Evans keeps a candy store,
 And loves the children dear;
 Miss Galligan C.'s a poetess,
 Her name they all revere.

I saw the drawings in New York
 Drawn by Miss Andrews' hand;
 Miss Whitmarsh in a hospital
 Obeys her chief's command.

In a church in Philadelphia
 C. Wastcoat leads his band;
 They love the Dutch songs—pardon me,
 The sweet songs—of Holland.

There's Woodward printing lithographs,
 Those Wood cuts, tried and true;
 Miss Standish wrote a history
 That's worth your reading through.

E. Wastcoat's got a patent on
 An adjustable trap for rats;
 And in Chicago's bustle and whirl
 There's Walker renting flats.

That's all. Were separated now,
 And seldom do we meet;
 More rarely do we have a chance
 Our friends of yore to greet.

JAMES A. CUSHMAN, '99.

Owing either to modesty or the mistaken impression that he was going to escape notoriety, the class prophet has omitted to tell us what, and where, he saw himself in that "something-or-other-scope." In such case of omission it becomes the editor's duty to "kinder take a peep on his own hook." And this is what he saw:—

Out on a mud flat digging clams,
 I saw our prophet there,
 A-digging clams and quahaugs
 By the salt sea's breezy air.

LOCALS.

WHEN a girl graduates from school and starts into the branch of teaching it is amusing to note how "chicken hearted" she is, if I may use that term, in regard to whipping her young charges, but it is perfectly astounding how quickly she recovers from this predicament and rapidly becomes expert in this line of business. An incident of this kind was brought to the editor's attention a few days ago. A graduate of high school, teaching in this city, recently had under her supervision a very naughty boy, and after weighing the matter carefully she came to the conclusion that she was warranted in whipping the child.

Having never had experience in this employment, she found herself in a very perplexing position, for she was a good deal like the man who when asked if he could play the violin replied, "I really don't know; I've never tried."

However, her inventive genius came to the rescue and she conceived the brilliant idea of making the child whip himself. So, handing the ruler to the victim she calmly stated her intentions and bade him commence operations at once, which he proceeded to do in a most careful and gingerly manner. It was of no use. Urge as she might the blows fell like the taps of a jeweler's hammer upon a delicate diamond setting. Finally, her patience exhausted, she seized the ruler herself and administered a reign of blows which would have made a village schoolmaster look to his palms in fear, and which certainly did make the child look to his palms in pain. Hereafter the editor doubts not that when the occasion demands she will take charge of operations in person from start to finish.

EDITOR.

The botany lecture given by Mr. Hathaway a few evenings ago was very interesting, and the views were exceptionally fine. It is a pity, however, that the occasion had to be marred by the same disturbing element which is nearly always present on such occasions.

Parting Ode.

We meet again so soon to part,
Our goal is won, our strife is o'er;
We cut the ties we all hold dear,
As teachers scholars meet no more.
But sterner trials wait us now,
And, with a purpose brave and true,
Unswerving from the path of right,
Let us take up our work anew.

The future stretches faint and dim
Adown the vast expanse of years;
The past has faded far behind
And left its memories bright and clear.
The present's page is open now,
A new leaf in the book of life,
And, with God's weapons, truth and love,
We gird us for the coming strife.

So, as we part where life's paths verge
And say good-bye, O classmates dear,
May Duty guide our lives aright
To where Hope's beacon shineth clear.
And when our lease of life is o'er,
And one by one we're gathered home,
May we all meet on that bright shore,
United at our Father's throne.

JULIA LAWRY.

Report of the Library Trustees.

A NEW feature introduced by the class of '99 is a perfectly organized and well stocked library. It was started by the boys the last few months in order to while away their idle moments, and I think it is safe to say that they now know more about the life and history of "Nick Carter" and "Old King Brady" than they do about their geometry or psychology.

From day to day it was enlarged and developed by addition of new volumes, until it was the pride of the first class boys and the envy of the second.

A librarian was appointed to superintend the loaning of the books and to see that they were duly returned; and, as new volumes kept continually coming in, an assistant was later appointed.

Everything was progressing rapidly, the machinery of the library was running smoothly, and soon bid fair to rival the public library of our own great city, when, behold! One Monday morning as the boys filed into school there was a suppressed emotion and a wild look of despair on the face of the librarian.

A number of choice volumes from the library had been appropriated by the principal, who in some way had learned of its existence and had decided it necessary to investigate.

But the end was not yet. The first few volumes formed such interesting subject matter for investigation that in a few days he returned and took nearly all of the remaining volumes.

This rather hurt the feelings of the boys, to say nothing of the librarian. They were perfectly willing that the faculty should have free use of the library, but they were equally anxious to have all books returned.

However, nothing daunted by this first setback, the librarian issued a subscription paper among the boys, which was nobly responded to by the second class as well as by the first, and soon the library was reorganized and set upon its regular footing again, and is now in a more prosperous condition than ever before.

For the Committee,

A. BACKSEAT, Chairman.

Class of '99.

ISABEL B. ABBOTT.
 ETHEL E. ANDREWS (Special).
 BERTHA V. BUGBEE.
 JENNIE L. BURBANK.
 MAUD M. BURT.
 GRACE R. CONATY.
 MARY A. CRANE.
 MARY L. CRONAN.
 BERTHA B. CROSSMAN.
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 CARLTON WASTCOAT.
 EDWARD WASTCOAT.
 ARTHUR B. WOOD.*
 WILLIAM A. WOODWARD.

*Dropped out last half of last year.

LOCALS.

It's very funny that the Brockton base ball team has to disband every year before we get a chance at them. It is very lucky for them, however, that this is so.

It might not be amiss if a corps of government officers should inspect some of the doings of the first class boys; they would find more forgery than they could possibly attend to.

Perhaps there will be some surprise among our readers at not seeing the class president's picture in this issue. But the management wish it distinctly understood that it is through no fault of theirs that this omission occurred.

The cadets will camp at fort Phoenix this year. Captain Cary, of the Taunton company, will act as major.

LOCALS.

Heard from a back seat in the principal's
room:—

I gaze upon the dusty busts
Of heroes long of yore,
And wonder if they've ever been
Upon a *bust* before.

Come, Allie, give Parker the polo stick.

Where breathes the boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As o'er his bed shone morning's light:
"I wisht the school burnt down last night."



THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

No wonder that a man who joins a "wolly opera," goes off on a "tour," gets stranded at Brockton, and *has to borrow twenty cents for carfare to get home with*, fails to appreciate classical music.

It is amazing to note how our standing army has been increased of late. If checks keep on coming, the female company will soon outnumber the boys.

We fear that one of the sergeants of the cadets has very little literary taste; from his own statement we know he isn't "educated." However, one thing can be said which is decidedly in his favor,—he is always after the "Cash."

One of the lieutenants of the cadets will undoubtedly spend part of his summer vacation at the Isle of "Wight."



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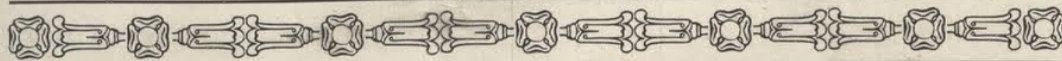
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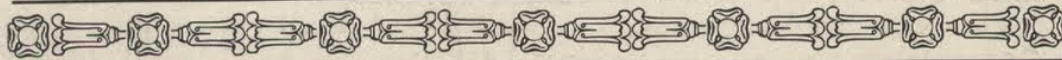
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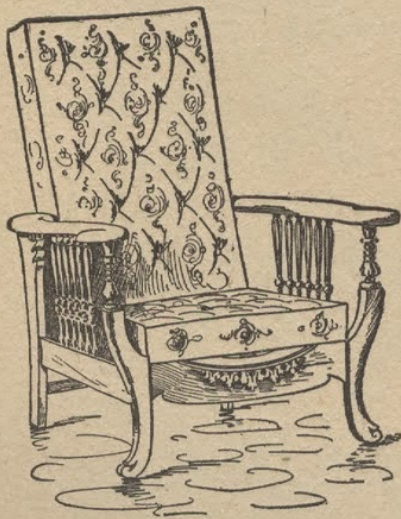


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